

Explicit

Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

M/M

VIXX

Han Sanghyuk | Hyuk/Jung Taekwoon | Leo
OT6 - Relationship

Jung Taekwoon | Leo
Han Sanghyuk | Hyuk
Cha Hakyoon | N
Kim Wonshik | Ravi
Lee Jaehwan | Ken
Lee Hongbin

PWP

i...hate myself
i always say this but wow i really am so self indulgent
as of now this is the Taekwoon Can't Power Bottom Fic
also the fic where Sanghyuk makes fun of Taekwoons tiny ween
is dick humiliation a thing...well it is here
im sorry taekwoon
in my defense taekwoon has a little dick personality u gotta admit
uhm don't read this fic
or do idk i hate me
taekwoon is dramatic as usual
also all of vixx are fucking
bc poly vixx is great don't question it

English

Let Me Up and Down

leohyuks

Summary:

Taekwoon tries to take the lead. And fails.
(Or the one where Taekwoon steals dialogue from Wonshiks trashy porn)

Notes:

I'm sorry?
I almost want to say don't read this???
Most of this was written on my phone at random times when I was bored btw so thats why its so bad. But then again that could also just be the quality of my writing B) uhm ya enjoy or don't idk aaaaa (the title is that one line from 'With Me' because apparently that song is about riding dick and not ballroom dancing smh
twitter: @notvixx
tumblr: @leohyukprincess

Taekwoon has never considered himself to be a pushover.

Sure he's soft on the members, doesn't give much punishments even as the second oldest (*not that they take his scoldings seriously*, he huffs to himself) and maybe he will pretty much always make Sanghyuk ramyun on request but he never thought that meant he was, well, easy.

Except he's starting to think that he is. For some time now really. Because if he ever is angry or if he ever has something to say *no one* will take him seriously. His threatening glares seem to have no effect anymore to his own horror, which is awful because what is Taekwoon without his threatening glares? The other day Wonshik had the audacity to chuckle at him and then *ruffle* his *hair* when Taekwoon told him to not leave his shoes in front of the door. Taekwoon is not a dog, he will not be *ruffled*.

He sometimes misses the days when they were all scared of him (especially *the-maknae-who-shall-not-be-named*) even if he felt incredibly misunderstood and a little left out, at least people *listened* to him. But now...he's gone soft. Maybe if he got his abs they'd listen to him. But that would be more work and he's not that annoyed. Just a little annoyed.

He relays his troubles to Hakeyeon. Because Hakeyeon is soft and sweet and will (sometimes) indulge his dramatic whining and pet his hair while he does it. And also because Hakeyeon is, well, *Hakeyeon*. He's spent enough years with his members to know that there is no one on this planet that can get them to shut up and behave (himself included) except for their leader. No manager nor producer nor poor poor script writer filming a reality show can handle a Jaehwan. But one glare from their leader and they go silent. It's always awed Taekwoon because like he said, Hakeyeon is soft and pretty and smaller than all of them but at the same time he exudes power and leadership. Its hard *not* to follow him.

So, he goes to Hakeyeon and tries to get some advice (on how to be more firm? In control? He doesn't know. What it is that Hakeyeon does to get the members to listen to him. Yeah. That.) and Hakeyeon talks to him while Taekwoon lays his head in his lap and sulks.

"You need to be more vocal with your wants. Be demanding." Hakeyeon tells him. Taekwoon sighs and wiggles in his hold, letting the comforting feeling of fingers in his hair soothe him. "I am demanding." He moans. "And you always say '*Taekwoon shut up we heard you the first time*' ." Hakeyeons huffs out a laugh which doesn't make him feel any better.

"Well maybe its your demeanor?" Taekwoon shifts on his back and looks up at Hakeyeon, raising an eyebrow. "Ya know, the way you say your demands." When all that Hakeyeon is met with is a blank stare he sighs.

"Taekwoon you sound whiny."

"W-What...I...*Excuse me*-"

"And desperate." Hakeyeon cuts him off before he can finish. Taekwoon sits up, offended. He gapes like a fish for a moment because this is *news* to him. He's about to say something else but Hakeyeon cuts him off *again*. "*Especially during sex.*"

Ok well that is just plain *rude*.

It takes a second to process what he'd just been told, and Taekwoon wonders if thats what all the other members think too. Suddenly his cheeks heat up and he feels a flush crawling up the back of his neck.

"Desperate?" He squeaks because thats all he can think to say at the moment. Hakeyeon nods slowly as if he's surprised Taekwoon doesn't actually know that about himself.

"If it helps," He says cautiously "Its actually quite cute. Which is why no one ever really mentions it."

Taekwoon stares off into the distance. Great. He's cute now.

"They used to fear me." He mumbles hopelessly and Hakeyeon rubs his back in support.

"It's really not a problem at all Taekwoon." Hakeyeon tries to reassure. "We all like it a lot. Theres nothing wrong with being needy-"

"Oh my god I'm *needy*!?"

x

"*Just try to be level headed and in control. You don't have to be the one doing it but still take the lead. Dirty talk or something I don't know.*"

Taekwoon replays Hakeyeons voice in his mind, nervously playing with his thumbs on the couch. Hakeyeon had assured him that he didn't need to do this or force himself to take control of things but he still had his wounded pride. Plus maybe if he showed more dominance in the bedroom it would lead to him being listened to outside of it. Maybe. He thinks thats how these kinds of things work anyway.

Wonshik had been his first choice because Wonshik is very sweet and understanding. But Wonshik was out in his studio working on their LR comeback (Thats probably what Taekwoon should be doing too actually. Oops.) Although Taekwoon thinks sheepishly, pulling at the hem of his sweater, Wonshik is very indulgent and would probably just let him think he's in control when he isn't. Curse him and his infuriating aura of gentleman-ness. He can't pick Hakeyeon because Hakeyeon knows and also because he doesn't have a death wish. Hongbin would have been a nice choice but he had locked himself in his room for one of his overwatch tournaments and Taekwoon doesn't think he's even leaving for pee breaks. Jaehwan is out on schedule so thats out of question, which only leaves one more option.

If he looked at the members in terms of opponents in a game, Sanghyuk was most definitely the final boss. Realistically speaking it would probably be best for him to just wait until someone else was available but Taekwoon figures that he'd have to deal with this at some point, so what better time than the present. Also because he's never been patient and Sanghyuk looks oh so enticing stepping out of the bathroom freshly showered. He's just in a plain white shirt and some loose shorts, but Taekwoon has always found him beautiful.

"Hyung?" Sanghyuk asks him, tilting his head to the side when he sees Taekwoon is looking at him. "Do you need something?"

He's practically glowing, bathed by the light of the setting sun in a way that softens his edges and Taekwoon thinks with Sanghyuk like that, this can't be too hard.

x

Convincing Sanghyuk to sleep with him isn't difficult. It never is between the six of them. Taekwoon knows they all hold a great extent of attraction and affection towards one another (sometimes he wonders if its love, but he doesn't want to complicate things with thoughts like that) so all it really takes is for some sheepish looks to be thrown and some quick sentences he tried (and failed) very hard not to stutter through. This is familiar territory, embarrassing as it is, so he knows what he's doing at least.

Take the lead. Hakyons voice repeats in his brain, so he does, moving forward to press a hurried, not desperate, kiss against Sanghyuks pretty lips. They ended up on Taekwoons bed, with Taekwoon sitting on his thighs. "Not like that." Taekwoon had said when Sanghyuk moved to lay him over the mattress. He'd pressed his palm on Sanghyuks chest and pushed him to lay back, climbing into his lap and nosing along his neck. "I want you to see me."

x

Sanghyuk has already started moving inside him, slow deep thrusts that send shivers up his spine, as well as the way his slender fingers press into Taekwoons hips. But Taekwoon forces himself not to get lost in the feeling. To stop his head from swimming every time Sanghyuk fucks up into him. *for God's sake Taekwoon* he reminds himself. *You're supposed to be in charge here!*

Right. Get it together.

He lets his mouth fall open, hoping to say something but all that comes out is a little gasp and it makes Sanghyuk smile. Shit. That's not what he wanted. Taekwoon feels his face heat up at it, trying to keep his eyes open when Sanghyuk hits a spot *just* right that makes him moan.

Things really weren't going as planned. Although Taekwoon had been very forward with his desire to ride him, it took approximately .2 seconds before Sanghyuk was getting his way again, pressing his slick fingers into Taekwoon deep enough that his legs felt like jelly and his will was bent. Since then it went downhill. but at least he was feeling good right? He reminds himself that he needs to talk, needs to be assertive and finally manages to form a string of words that were somewhat coherent.

"D-does it f-feel good?"

He cringes at how utterly *wrecked* his own voice sounds, hates the way he can feel the words tremble as they leave his mouth. Sanghyuk blinks at him, seemingly caught off guard but then, "Yeah hyung. You feel really good." He says with a smile, his eyes crinkling cutely at the edges. The way his lips press into Taekwoons neck is nice, really nice. It's indulgent really. Dare he say fond, which isn't a trait Sanghyuk normally shows. And Taekwoon likes the way his skin burns when Sanghyuk bites at it, and the tingles it sends all over his sensitive body to be marked. Likes how it feels combined when he rolls his hips and feels Sanghyuks cock press inside him, right against his prostate. Small sounds spill from his lips because, fuck, it feels so good. But this isn't what he wanted to do right now. He wanted control.

Internally he takes a deep breath and then very suddenly pulls himself almost all the way off Sanghyuk before dropping just as quickly back down in his lap, making them both gasp.

"S-shit hyung-" Sanghyuk groans, his hands coming behind to spread each of his ass cheeks. "Fuck that felt so good" Taekwoon keeps going, rolling his hips faster and trying not to whine at the feeling of Sanghyuk holding him open and fucking up into him. His hands are shaking and they scramble to hold onto Sanghyuks shoulders but still he keeps going.

"A-ah, do you like that? H-huh? Does it feel good?"

The words outwardly confuse Sanghyuk because Taekwoon is never one to willingly speak during sex but right now he's being very vocal. Taekwoon doesn't slow down though, starting bounce harder in Sanghyuks lap. One shaky hand stays flat against Sanghyuks chest as he leans back and moves faster, the other moving to cup Sanghyuks cheeks, and force him to look at Taekwoon. "Answer me." It comes out more as a whine then he'd like but hey beggars can't be choosers.

Sanghyuk doesn't seem to notice however. He just hisses at the way Taekwoon tightens around his cock, fists grabbing at the sheets beneath them as he thrusts his hips upwards. "Fuck fuck yes, yes you feel really good hyung shit."

His words are a little rushed, a little breathless, and.....a little *desperate*. Taekwoon feels his stomach flip and takes pride in the fact that he could effect Sanghyuk even this much. It's a little boost of confidence that allows him to keep on speaking.

"Yeah, yeah I know you like it." He says with a gasp. "Like it when I fuck your cock don't you?"

Its like a pin drops.

Almost suddenly Sanghyuk stops moving altogether and if Taekwoons being honest he has no idea where that one came from either.

Oh God this was a bad idea.

He can see the way Sanghyuk is staring at him, utterly confused and then, the edges of his mouth curl up.

Oh God this was a HORRIBLE IDEA.

(He really should not have tried to copy dialogue from the videos on Wonshiks laptop)

"Sanghyuk..." Taekwoon starts, trying to see if he can fix whatever the hell he just did. "Listen I-" His sentence cuts off with a yelp

In a flash Sanghyuk has them flipped. Taekwoons back slams against the mattress and he shouts when Sanghyuk pushes his legs up and fucks into him *hard*. Any hint of desperation or neediness is completely gone.

"Wanna repeat what you just said there, *hyung*." Taekwoon whimpers, feeling his cock twitch and his ass clench despite himself.

"Shut up, it was nothing, stupid ." He whines.

Sanghyuk seems to agree, but the smile on his face is so obnoxious Taekwoon wants to punch it off his pretty mouth.

Sanghyuk keeps thrusting, and it's harsh deep thrusts that shake Taekwoons core and makes his mouth fall open every time, eyes beginning to get wet in the corners. "It was nothing? Really? Because I'm sure you said something about fucking my-"

"*Sanghyuk!*" Taekwoon begs, head thrown back and back arching. He has never regretted a decision more quickly in his life. Oh god he's an *idiot*. He had his eyes shut to wave off some of the embarrassment. He was so mortified. And so hard- Oh *god*. He was so hard.

"You said," Sanghyuk ignores his high pitched pleading, forcing Taekwoons chin down to look him in the eye, other hand keeping Taekwoons own held above his head. "*You would fuck me?*"

He's had a lot of moments in his life where he wanted his own body to fold into itself until he disappeared off the face of the earth, but never has it hit him with such an intensity as now with the way Sanghyuk was looking down at him as if he was the most insignificant being to ever exist. He lets out a garbled whimper, toes curling in the air.

"You wanna fuck me *hyung*?" Sanghyuk practically coos, and Taekwoons face is on fire. "Think that cute little cock of yours could be able to do it?"

"I-I...." His sentence cuts off with a squeal when Sanghyuk grabs his cock. Taekwoon knees turn towards each other and he practically keens. The wet slide of Sanghyuks rough palm against his skin sounds filthy in the night silence and the way Sanghyuk is speaking to him just makes it all the more dirty.

"You sure you could fuck me, Taekwoon?" Sanghyuk punctuates each word with a rough thrust and it's all Taekwoon could do not to open himself wider. "Or will you just spread your legs and take what's given to you like a good little *slut*-" He presses right against Taekwoons prostate. "-while that small cock of yours spits cum all over you?"

Taekwoon cries out, suddenly feeling far too many things at once. He feels so ashamed, so humiliated to be turned on by this. The worst part is Sanghyuk can obviously tell.

And then Sanghyuk stops moving and Taekwoon is left oversensitive and hard. He writhes, trying to get some friction so he can feel some sort of relief and knows he must look like such a mess. Sweaty and debauched (which he's sure Sanghyuk has always liked more than he admits). Sanghyuk is so beautiful above him. Solid and glowing -and sure he's sweating too, sure his hair is all over the place in a way that's still stupidly, *unfairly* attractive, but he look so put together in a way that makes Taekwoon feel unbelievably tiny.

"Baby, look at you" Sanghyuks says. He sounds so unbothered. So in control where as Taekwoons voice had been shaky, unsure. "So fucked out just by having my cock in you."

He leans down and begins to pepper kisses across Taekwoons neck, biting down hard at certain places so that he could hear those sweet little gasps. "Pretty." He says simply.

Taekwoon should probably feel like more of a failure but he can't really think when Sanghyuk starts moving inside him again. His eyes roll back for a moment, overwhelmed by all that he's feeling.

"You take me so well." Sanghyuk says. "Its like you were made to have a cock inside you." He presses a kiss behind Taekwoons ear. "Right?"

It takes a second for Taekwoon to realize that Sanghyuk expects an answer, mostly due to one particularly brutal thrust that leaves him breathless, a throaty moan leaving him.

"Y-yes!" He cries out, too far gone in pleasure to feel ashamed anymore.

"You love it don't you. Spreading your legs and just taking what's given to you?"

"Yes-yes I *do*." He says, voice desperate. "Ah! Yes Sanghyuk *yes yes yes*-"

Sanghyuk seems pleased, humming to himself. He presses their mouths together, swallowing all the little noises Taekwoon made while pistoning his hips harder. Taekwoon feels something in his stomach building, a growing pressure that feels like it's going to burst soon and he starts to fuck himself back against Sanghyuks cock.

"You're so desperate for it." Sanghyuk coos, watching how Taekwoons ass swallows his cock whole so easily. It gives him an idea.

Taekwoon isn't expecting it when he's flipped again. But all of a sudden Sanghyuk is under him, dick hard and deep inside him. It makes his mind spin, his head fuzzy from how good he feels, how hard he's getting fucked.

"Shit." Sanghyuk groans. "You should see yourself. How wrecked you look. You love this so much don't you?" In the back of his mind Taekwoon wonders how the conversation had shifted from him trying to take control to how much he liked having a cock in his ass but doesn't question it, just nods his head and let's himself give into all the feelings.

"You're so beautiful like this." Sanghyuks own voice is slipping into a whine and Taekwoon thinks he's much prettier. "You wanna to come?"

He hadn't even noticed that he was making noises this entire time and only now did he register the quiet "*please*" and "*yes*" 's falling from his lips desperately. He's so close to Sanghyuk, sitting in his lap and their faces pressed against each other. He can see the little lines by his lips and how his eyes seem to sparkle in light.

But Sanghyuk stops moving again and just gives a small order of "Come, then." and Taekwoon realizes he wants him to work for it. To try and take the lead (as if he'd ever actually have it between the two of them) like he said he would in the beginning.

Carefully he starts to move again, a choked sound leaving him every time he drops back down on Sanghyuks cock. He tries to circle his hips, to do anything to feel Sanghyuk any *deeper* than he already is. He lets his head loll back for a second before he's falling forward, moving up and down rapidly because Sanghyuk has started to fuck into him as well.

Taekwoons messy and tired and his brain feels melted. He knows he's babbling, arms loosely tossed around Sanghyuks shoulders and head buried in his neck as he bounces on his cock. It always ends like this between them, with Taekwoon being absolutely wrecked. But when he stomach twists and warmth shoots into his belly and when he feels himself let go, and feels Sanghyuk release warm ribbons of come into him as well- he finds himself not caring.

x

They lay there for a while after cleaning up, just staring at the ceiling.

"So-"

"Sanghyuk, please *don't*." Taekwoon begs but Sanghyuk just snorts.

"I believe I deserve some sort of explanation." He says. Well, maybe he does. But Taekwoon wouldn't be the one to give it to him.

They remain in silence for some time longer.

"You said you'd fuck my-" Taekwoon sits up, shoving a pillow into Sanghyuks side hoping that will get him to *shut up*. Sanghyuk just laughs hysterically rolling on the bed.

Close (#)